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The Liberalist

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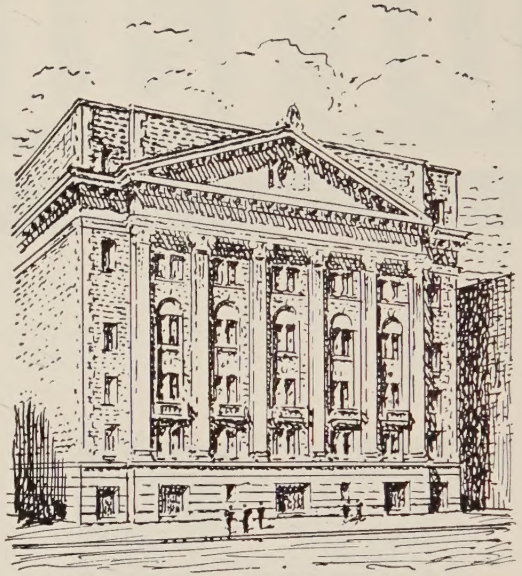
WORK

HENRY VAN DYKE

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When flagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because for me I know my work is best.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

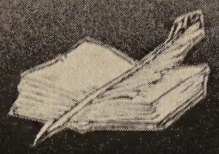
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926.. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *September, 1951* *Number 6*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BEGINNING with this issue I am going to write each month comments and observations as I go along the way. They will be informal and unpretentious. I shall share with our readers my reactions to people, events and experiences which come to me. They will be written under all sorts of conditions and in the midst of busy days.

I want to write—as I try to preach and lecture—out of the fullness and overflow of my life. I have never been a writer, although several books carry my name as author. All of my creative work has been done through the medium of the spoken word. I am sure I shall never be able to capture the emotions, ideas and sentiments which are in my heart with the same facility I have when under the inspiration of an audience.

Mrs. Bradley, who shared with me from the beginning of The Liberalist the responsibility, was a writer. I propose sometime to assemble the best of her many fine articles through the years and publish them in book form. They merit such recognition. She wrote as beautiful sentences as you will find anywhere. Her articles and The Mail Bag, which she edited, were always the most welcome of any material in our little magazine. The letters which she always wrote to me when I was traveling or in Europe are priceless to me now. She received many letters from Liberalist readers and was always most appreciative of their kindly expressions. How we all miss her, and now that Jimmie has joined her and I must go along the way alone, I am going to try and do all I can to evidence my gratitude for having had them both a part of my life for so long.

Work is the solution, but it must be work which helps to create a world of beauty and love.

* * *

I am writing these words in my stateroom on the great steamship, the *Queen Mary*. We are nearing the United States. The ocean is calm; the skies are blue and the weather ideal.

Last night before retiring I went up to Boat-Deck and standing in the bow looked up at the stars. I was alone. No other passengers were about. The Atlantic with its gentle roll lifted the bow of the mighty ship and then almost

caressingly took it to its heart again. The rhythm was complete. As I stood there, with the ship, the stars and the sea in perfect unity, I thought of the clash and conflict of the world! An indescribable peace came into my soul. I thought of my loved ones who now know all the answers to this thing called *life and death*. As I walked back to my stateroom to retire I felt in the depths of my heart a peace I had seldom known.

As I prepared for bed I saw on the table in my room a copy of this morning's *Ocean News*. This four-page newspaper is published every day on the voyage and is placed under your stateroom door every morning. The news comes from everywhere by radio to the ship each day.

After my moment with the peace and beauty of the night and the sea, there were the headlines of today's *Ocean News* staring at me as if mocking the serenity of my heart: *Korean Crisis—Persian Oil—Russian Threats* —there they were!

Oh, little man, why don't you go out and look at the stars!

* * *

The inspiration for me of our closing service in June has remained with me in every one of the thousands of miles I have travelled. The last two services in church in June were the most difficult I have ever known and yet I feel that there was a spiritual tone about them which helped me as I hope they helped all who were present. I did not leave the church until after two o'clock on the closing Sunday. I carried away with me the encouraging, helpful words spoken by hundreds of loyal friends as I bade them *goodbye*.

I wish I could express to each one what it all meant to me. It has helped me in the many lonely hours I have had this summer. Even when I am among unfamiliar scenes, and meeting new friends, the memories which are the dearest to me linger above them all. I do not know how many who were at the service will read these lines, but to those who were there and read these words, please know how much you mean to me.

* * *

Beginning with the first Sunday after church closed in June and right up to today, I have not missed going to church on Sunday. I have either preached or attended a service every Sunday on both sides of the Atlantic and on the ocean as well.

Immediately after the closing service, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, and my little dog *Skipper* started by car for our Black Duck Island home—Lake Vermilion—in northern Minnesota, near Tower. It was there, just a few days before, that Jimmie was taken fatally ill. It was there that Mrs. Bradley, Jimmie and I had spent more than thirty happy summers.

After an uneventful trip we arrived on Monday evening about eight o'clock. As I walked down the dock on the mainland and looked across at the little island I thought my heart would stop beating. How grateful I was that dear friends and my beloved sister were with me.

When we arrived at the island and I lifted my little dog to the dock from the boat it seemed I could never step out of the boat. Skippy was overjoyed to be back. No more leash! No more city imprisonment in an apartment. He was free and could roam the wide island. As he ran up the dock evidencing his unquestioned happiness, I wondered if he missed someone, too!

We only stayed on the island until Friday morning, when we said *goodbye* to the Landmarks, to the two dogs, *Skipper* and *Topper,* and sailed away.

I didn't dare look back *Cowardly,* you say? Perhaps!

* * *

We drove to St. Ignace, Michigan, where I spoke on Saturday evening at the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Conservation Clubs. We went as far as Marquette on Friday and finished the trip Saturday evening in time for the banquet.

The upper peninsula of Michigan is always attractive to me. I have spoken in many places there and in all seasons. Each time of the year has its own charm.

We stayed in some modern, well-constructed, comfortable cabins in St. Ignace, called *Point La Barbe Cabins,* owned and operated by a fine gentleman, Mr. Nielson. We were located on the extreme northern shore of our own Lake Michigan which every Chicagoan loves.

My first Sunday after my own services closed was spent in St. Ignace. I inquired about services and learned the Presbyterian Church had an eleven o'clock service. We went at eleven, only to make the embarrassing discovery that in the summer the services were at 10:30. It didn't matter, we went in anyway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, my sister and I were seated in the front row, just as the congregation was singing the hymn preceding the sermon. The minister, the Rev. Mr. Hocking, in beginning his sermon said: "We have a visiting clergyman with us this morning from Chicago. Many of you hear him on the radio. I heard him last night at the banquet. We are greatly honored at his presence and I invite him to share the pulpit with me." I declined going into the pulpit then, as he was just about to begin his sermon. At the singing of the closing hymn he invited me to the pulpit. After the hymn I spoke briefly and pronounced the benediction.

It was a good sermon on a difficult subject — *The Garden of Eden* — but the minister said some fine and wise things.

Mr. Hocking was born in Cornwall in England. His delightful wife received us graciously after the service. He served this church some years ago and was called back to become the pastor again, which is surely a tribute to the affection in which he is held.

The service was helpful and we all had a better week because we were there. If people would only realize what it means to begin the week by being in the presence of uplifting and ennobling thoughts! Worship is so essential. What a pity that there are so many who do not feel the need of any kind of church service. Their prejudices, opinions, antagonisms and attitudes rob them of one of the greatest assets of life. I am not thinking of theological dogmas or creeds, but of the sublime moments which lift one's heart when in the act of worship. Many people have an entirely erroneous conception of worship. How much they are missing! When one's heart responds to a sunset, a starlit night, a golden morn, a tinkling waterfall, a majestic mountain peak, a little flower, or a million other sublime influences which surround life, they are worshippers. Man could not live without worship. The difficulty is, it is all confused with creeds, ceremonies and isms. I am glad I went to church that day!

* * *

From St. Ignace we drove to Traverse City, after visiting Mackinac Island—always a pleasant experience. I used to go as a boy on the old D. & C. steamers from Detroit to Mackinac Island. It was the first traveling I ever did. Every time I am anywhere near

Mackinac Island I always make it a visit. It is one of the most historical places in our country and has played an important role in the American drama. The old fort is kept in a good state of preservation: Arch Rock and Sugar Loaf are ageless.

There are no automobiles on the island. It is enjoyable and for many people unique to ride around the picturesque roads and trails in a carriage drawn by horses. That was the only means of conveyance in my youth and I never climb up into the carriage seat and hear the driver say "Giddap" without going back fifty years in a split-second. Perhaps it's the buggy-ride which lures me to Mackinac Island after all!

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and my sister enjoyed the trip over as well. We took a ferry back to St. Ignace from the Island, picked up the car, drove on to one of the large ferries operated by the State of Michigan, and were soon at Mackinaw City on our way to Traverse City where we stayed all night at a lovely cabin right on the sand-beach of the East Arm of Grand Traverse Bay. On the way we stopped at a fruit farmer's, where some Mexican pickers picked for us several baskets of the most delicious as well as the largest strawberries I have ever seen.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left us at Ludington, going to Muskegon, where they returned to Chicago by train.

My sister and I, together with Norman, my driver, and the car, all boarded a spacious, comfortable car-ferry for Milwaukee. It was a restful, cool ride across Lake Michigan. We arrived in early evening. The last two hours were less enjoyable, for we had a dense fog.

I was glad to see my niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Al Lind, in Milwaukee. I spoke in Milwaukee Tuesday evening at the Wisconsin State Bankers Annual Banquet. I do not know anything about banking, but it is the custom of this organization to invite an outside speaker for the annual dinner. Last year Dr. Ralph Sockman was the speaker. I felt honored at being invited and I did my best. The President of the National Bankers Association was also present and we had our picture taken together. I enjoyed the evening. The audience was very responsive. I am sure they did not agree with everything I said, but I received many kind expressions after it was over.

I did not emphasize the importance of money, but tried to bring out the spiritual needs of our present civilization. Man still doesn't live by bread alone, even though bread is an essential. We must find a way to include the values of brotherhood and co-operation in building an adequate economic stability. It is all interwoven and interdependent.

We returned to Chicago for two days, where I was busy in last minute preparations for my trip to Europe. How my heart ached as I went into an empty home! I dare not think of the winter and the inevitable loneliness! But I must work and work. Life must go on, even like the mother said in the poem which Jimmie used to read—"Life must go on—I've forgotten just why." I must never forget why. There is a reason—a purpose and a destiny and I shall do my best until the great day of reunion!

* * *

Well, in these rambling words I have brought you up to my leaving the United States. We went to New York City, where my sister and I, as the guests of one of our most loyal workers and friends, Mr. Herbert S. Simpson, had an enjoyable and interesting few days.

We spent the Tuesday before I sailed

at Hyde Park—the home of the late President, Franklin Roosevelt. We arrived at eleven in the morning, going by car from New York City.

The countryside was delightful: rolling hills, heavily wooded; and pastoral beauty. I had never visited Hyde Park and I always wanted the opportunity. Whether one agrees or not with the political philosophy of Franklin Roosevelt, or whatever one's opinion might be as to his influence in the world of today, the fact is he was four times elected President of the United States! History will decide his stature.

I stood at his grave within the walls of his rose-garden. I visited the room in which he was born; the library where he used to read Dickens' *Christmas Carol* on Christmas Eve; the lawn where he played as a boy; the room he left on his last journey; his library with the wheelchair standing in the corner; his famous cape and old campaign hat hanging in the closet; his glasses;—well, one would have to hate pretty bitterly not to have a feeling of awe in the intimate environment of such a world figure. No man, certainly no President, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, was more hated or more loved. He died completely disillusioned concerning Russia. He died fully aware that if he could have a little more time he might rectify many tragic mistakes which subsequent events have revealed.

I hope I shall never hate anyone sufficiently for me not to recognize and appreciate that in every life the good and the wrong can be found. If we could only remember more of the fine things about each other and not continuously recall the bad things perhaps life would be pleasanter for us all.

* * *

Our only Sunday in New York we went to church. Coming home on the *Queen Elizabeth* last year I met Dr. James Gill, who had been three years in the Middle East. He is a physician and had been sent there by American oil interests to take care of the Americans engaged in the industry. I was walking the deck one day and he stopped me, saying, "You are Dr. Bradley from Chicago." "Yes," I replied. "Well," he said, "the last time I saw you was many years ago at Lake Vermilion. I was on the mail boat. When it stopped at your island you came down for the mail. I was introduced to you. My grandmother lived in Tower. My father was a mine-captain and I was born in Eveleth, Minnesota. My brother is a minister of the West End Presbyterian Church. He was also born in Eveleth." (Eveleth is between Virginia and Duluth and not far from Tower.) This was introduction enough and we became friends. His father, mother and younger brother now live in Joliet, Illinois.

When we were thinking about what church to attend in New York, I thought of Dr. Gill's brother. My sister and I are glad we selected his church. He is the Rev. Dr. Theodore Gill, and while his church is in a difficult neighborhood, it was well filled on a hot New York June Sunday. I sincerely believe no finer sermon was preached in New York on that Sunday. It was excellent. I agreed with every sentence. Vividly, effectively and with fine pulpit artistry he gave example after example of his faith in the principle of progress and that man's dream of a better world is something more than the agonizing nightmare some preachers and philosophers would have us believe.

There was a good congregation. The main floor was well filled; I estimated about four hundred people. The service was dignified and the music excellent. It was a great morning.

It is an unusual experience for me to sit in a pew as a worshipper, but I thor-

oughly enjoy it and am beginning to realize what it means to those who attend services.

Dr. Gill spoke very kindly of me from the pulpit and referred to my presence in the congregation. It was the first time I had ever met him and we had a brief but inspiring visit after the service. I am sure that the Presbyterian Church will some day recognize Dr. Gill and that an influential pulpit will call him. You will hear from him, for he has the natural endowment, the ability, the genial personality, the idealism and the courage which create great pulpiteers. I shall go back and hear him at the first opportunity.

* * *

As I bring this first *Along the Way* to a close, I hope you who have honored me by reading it will feel recompensed. Next month we will go on with our Atlantic and European experiences and impressions. I do not know in what month this will appear, but remember our opening service is Sunday, September 16th, at 11 a.m.

This is my 40th year with the church. Our fine quartette and chorus choir will sing. Mr. LeRoy Wetzel will be at the organ. I shall be looking for you as we face a new year together.

THE CONQUERORS

HARRY KEMP

I saw the Conquerors riding by
With trampling feet of horse and men:
Empire on empire like the tide
Flooded the world and ebbed again.

And leading like a star the van,
Heedless of upstretched arm and groan,
Inscrutable Napoleon went
Dreaming of empire, and alone. . . .

Then all they perished from the earth
As fleeting shadows from a glass,
And, conquering down the centuries,
Came Christ, the Swordless, on an ass!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

OPENING SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 16, 1951, 11:00 A.M.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY RETURNS
from his second European trip since World War II
Entire service broadcast by WJJD

September 16—"A 1951 GLIMPSE OF EUROPE"
September 23—"CAN MAN CONTROL THE FUTURE?"

* * *

LE ROY WETZEL
Director of Music and Organist
Peoples Church Quartette and Chorus Choir

* * *

CHURCH SCHOOL—ROBERT CROSSWHITE, Supt.—9:30 A.M.

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS

JULY

Sunday, July 8th

Morning Sermon—Highgate Church, London, England
Evening Sermon—Illford Church, London, England

Sunday, July 15th

Morning Sermon—First Presbyterian Church, Dunmurry, Ireland
Evening Sermon—All Souls Church, Belfast, Ireland
Wednesday Evening Sermon—University Hall, London, England,
Festival of Britain Service—July 18th

Sunday, July 22nd

Morning Sermon—Manchester College, Oxford, England

* * *

AUGUST

Sunday, August 19th

Address—Methodist Layman's Retreat, Duluth Area, Minnesota

Monday, August 27th

Address—Arrowhead Civic Club, Duluth, Minnesota

* * *

WATCH THE SUNDAY CHURCH CALENDAR EACH WEEK FOR OCTOBER ACTIVITIES OF ALL CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

ALL over America this month legions of youth are treading well-worn paths up to the doors of our educational institutions. The United States of tomorrow is to be exactly what the youngsters of today choose to make it. They may stumble and falter at times, but they will triumph in the end. It is my faith in the youth of today that keeps me from thinking of a chaotic and stricken future that so many glibly prophesy.

Most of our young people are ardently and honestly desirous of an education. They are keen in observation and they see around them the rewards given to trained minds and honest hearts. You cannot deceive them long. They detect the genuine from the spurious much more rapidly than older people. Children and dogs are seldom wrong in their appraisal of character. Modern education has a tendency to determine valuations. It helps us in learning where to place the emphasis. Young people need this more than anything else.

We want them to keep their youth as long as possible, but what we do want is for them to secure a happy maturity through a well regulated youth.

Any school, any subject, any religion, any companion, any teacher, that can help them do this is a part of getting an education. It isn't books or subjects or facts alone that give one an education. Getting an education is much more than these things.

The true education touches the whole individual with an upward impulse. The spiritual values are ever uppermost. Louis H. Sullivan once said of education in his great book, "The Autobiography of an Ideal"; "This is the crisis where democratic education, recognizing it as such, shall attain to its first main objective in fixing sound character; in alert intensive training of the native power to feel straight, to think straight, to act straight; to encourage pride in well doing; . . . to train the imagination in constructive foresight; in the feeling for real things; in the uses of sentiment, of emotion; in the physical and spiritual joy of living."

THE RELIGIOUS ATHEIST

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, April 29, 1951

(This sermon, and the one published in our August Liberalist, *were given by Dr. Bradley in the spring of this year. They have been requested by such a majority of his listeners that we are publishing them in these summer numbers. Be sure to let your friends know of their publication.)*

While my life is filled with what a great many people might interpret or think of as extra-curricular activities, I am quite sure that upon more careful thought that would not be their conclusion or their decision. In everything I do when I am out of this pulpit on Sundays, and wherever I go and whatever I say, I always insist upon the identification of myself with this pulpit and with The Peoples Church. Therefore I like to share the experience of these activities with the faithful number of people who constitute the body of this church, and who by their loyalty, affection, support, attendance and interest through the years keep our church the living, vital, dynamic institution which we try to make it. Everything I do when I go about the country from day to day, when I speak in various places and for various people during the week, all of it centers around the heart and soul of this pulpit. Everything else is contributory. And I try to keep the finest and the best expression and an interpretation of the experiences for this pulpit and I like to share them with the people of our church.

This past week has been one of the most interesting weeks of my entire ministry. It was a week that I had looked forward to for many months and which had been carefully planned by the Boston Mission Preaching Committee who extended me the invitation to go to the City of Boston and conduct the preaching mission which I have just concluded. And when I arrived in Chicago yesterday morning and stepped off the train into the familiar scenes of my own beloved environment, although it was the hardest week of my life from the point of view of work, I brought with me a rejuvenation and an enthusiasm that I think sometimes can overcome weariness. I arrived in Chicago to face the task of three weddings and two funerals and didn't get to bed last night until a quarter of twelve, daylight savings time, but I came back with the thrilling, inspiring experience of this past week.

It has been a tremendous experience to stand every noon in the heart of the City of Boston in Old King's Chapel. I don't know how many of you have ever been in King's Chapel. I hope you will never go to Boston without visiting there. That quiet little church which probably seats seven or eight hundred people, there in the heart of the City of Boston, at Beacon Street and Tremont, is the first house of worship in our whole nation. The colonists who came over worshipped there. I had the opportunity of speaking in that old pulpit every noon during the past week and then at night in that great Arlington Street Church facing the Public Garden right in the heart of the city, a church whose pulpit was made immortal by the life and personality

of the great Dr. Channing. And when we chose an inscription to go over our own choir loft when we built this church, I chose the inscription from the great Baltimore sermon that Dr. Channing preached 139 years ago today. This is the anniversary of the famous Baltimore sermon which has been called the Declaration of Independence of Liberal Religion in the United States. And we took the phrase from that Baltimore sermon, and put it over our choir loft: "Live a life of faith and hope. Believe in the mighty power of truth and love." That is a great motto for a church. It is a great motto for a life.

But my pleasant experiences were augmented with the opportunity which I had in speaking to the students at Harvard and Tufts College where I had the opportunity on Friday noon of speaking to the School of Diplomacy and Law, where young men and young women are training for diplomatic leadership in the future of our country and our international affairs. That was a stimulating experience and one I shall never forget. And there I found that a young lady who is there on a Two Thousand Dollar a year scholarship is an Illinois girl. She won the scholarship of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs, a young lady from Monmouth and who with her family has been in our church; and that to me was thrilling, meeting her there at the school. But probably the greatest and most inspiring experience of all, apart from the preaching, was the kind response of those great congregations. You know, those people down there in Boston aren't always accustomed to the "breezy" atmosphere that we have out here in the Middle West, and I think it was quite a revelation to them to hear the kind of preaching they don't hear very often, and they responded so favorably that already a whole week has been set aside for next year, when I am going back to King's Chapel and Arlington and to the university for a whole week. They are going to plan for it the whole year.

But the most thrilling experience of all and the one which will linger probably longer with me than perhaps any other was when I had the opportunity of visiting the home which was Ralph Waldo Emerson's, and his beloved companion's. In his library, just as he left it—his books on the table and his glasses—the books that he had assembled. At Sleepy Hollow I stood at his grave, a grave covered by a granite boulder from out of the good earth, with his name on it. And I thought of him this morning, for we have here before us his benign and spiritual presence weaving an atmosphere for our own service of worship in our own church; and to think that just a few days ago I walked the village streets of Concord. I stood at his grave in Sleepy Hollow. I came into the atmosphere of his home. His somewhat battered old hat was hanging in the hall and he never went out without a stick, a cane. And I didn't commit a sacrilege. I was with two other clergymen; but I turned to the lady who was accompanying us through the home and I said, "You know, I'd love to put on that hat. I'd love to pick up that cane and just walk over the threshold." And she said "Why not?" And I did. Coming in contact with the great! Absorbing the spirit of a great personality and a great heart!

And just a few minutes ago, in the City of Boston, I was on the air on the Yankee network from that City. They were all going to hear me this morning. I made the address Thursday afternoon but such is the miracle of our modern world that you can talk in one place and be in another at the same time. And I was awfully glad

that I had selected the theme of the morning, "The Religious Atheist," because a lot of people are twisted both about atheism and about religion; and while the title was chosen long before I had my experience this week, it was chosen because of an unusual paragraph in a letter, and that letter said:

"I am having the interesting experience of being with people who are fundamentally religious in the moral and ethical sense, who are thoroughly good people, but who from the point of view of their attitude toward God are obviously atheists."

And the question was, can a person be a religious atheist? The difficulty about this whole idea of God, it seems to me, is to be found in the fact that most people who are dogmatic about some form of an historical concept concerning God are people who never recognize that there is an evolutionary idea about God which has nothing whatever to do with the basic reality of God. In other words, that our concept of God changes with our experiences and with the opening up of new areas in our own intellectual concepts, so much so that the entire precept is filled with the potential of the evolutionary idea of God. There was the concept of God in the early formative years of the historical development of the Jewish people, when God was Jehova and an anthropomorphic God, and a jealous God and an angry God and a God who was primarily interested in the welfare of individual groups, a provincial locative idea of God. He was a general, a captain, a leader, somewhat of a tyrant. And if you deviated from that concept of God in that period of the evolution of God, you were an atheist. You were outside the pale. It wouldn't take very long to find an example of that; for instance, in some of the Old Testament stories in which the idea of accusation was involved; and you see Abraham carrying his son to be sacrificed at the command of God on a funeral pyre. Until the whole concept of a God requiring a human sacrifice became very much a part of the early understanding and concept of the people's idea of God. It didn't last too long, for it was not long before there were born the psalms of David, and so when we get into the psalms of David we find an entirely different concept of God. The old God of Isaac, Abraham and Jacob, which was the God of thunder and the God of sacrifice and on some occasions the God of war, we find changing to the concept of the singer David and so David sings the Twenty-third Psalm and the God of the Twenty-third Psalm is a different concept of God from the God who would demand a human sacrifice.

It wasn't very much longer until social despair settled down upon the nations and we hear the thundering tones of Isaiah and of Micah, Obediah, Habakkuk and Jeremiah, who thundered out to a broken, torn, chaotic and confused economic world their concept of God which was very different from the concept of the early centuries. All the time the evolving idea of God. Then a thousand years more and a different concept of God came into the consciousness of man and the old anthropomorphic concept of God as a sort of sublimated deity with a long beard and holding in his hand a scepter and sitting on a cloud in the sky completely evaporated from the consciousness of man and we see coming among us One who is very sensitive to the eternal characteristics of the Divine, which characteristics had very little opportunity for expression in the historical development of the idea of God, and we hear Him say "My Father." And we listen to Him preach as He touches the souls and hearts of men, as He

heals their broken bodies and their diseased souls. And when people come within the aura of His personality, sin and ugliness, vileness, envy, hate, melt away under the alchemy of His love and His life. And we have an entirely new concept of God given to the world by the Prophet-Poet-Peasant of Galilee in the coming of Christ.

And straight down through the ages, from the primitive brutal concept of a deity, we have man evolving until a philosopher-follower could say "God is love." That was new in the history of the God idea. God has been leadership and deity and vengeance and even justice; but here was something else with the coming of the Nazarene. Here was for the first time, not the uniqueness of His moral interpretation, the uniqueness of Jesus was not in what He called the fundamental ethics. The morality of Christ had been asserted in Greek philosophy more than 500 years before He was born. Every moral statement and every ethical statement of Christ was pre-existent to Christ. The uniqueness of Christ was not to be found in any originality of His moral emphasis. Man had been accustomed to that for centuries. But it was unique (and this is uniqueness) that He was so completely assimilated in the God consciousness that He gave a vitality and He gave a beauty to the moral and ethical traditions of His preaching, so that 700 million people in the world today call themselves Christians! Not because of what He thought but because He was able to sensitize the truth of His teachings by a divine kinship with the eternal. Christ spoke with the language of eternity in His heart. Christ spoke with the valid authority of the eternal reality of God, not a God of a locative part of history; not a provincial God of a few tribes; not a God who was the special property of a class or the special basis of a creed; but He preached in terms of the universal God. And my position is that no person can be a religious atheist toward a God like that. To be a religious atheist in the presence of that is to remain impervious to the finest principles of logistics and the development of good common sense.

It is quite true that long after He spoke, and in the world in which He lived, came Copernicus and Gallileo and the whole idea that the earth was the center of the solar system; that it was upheld or tied upon the back of a turtle; that it had no knowledge of its derivation, its force, or its history; and it remained for the world of science to bring the full realization of the creative power of God into the cosmos. For scientists don't create anything. Scientists only discover latent laws in eternal principles. This doesn't disturb the reality of the eternal power of God, the God who is beyond the various religions of Christianity, and the God who is the servant of the microscope, and the God whose principles govern the utmost constituencies of the atom in the universe; who rides upon the thundering torrents of ever-increasing reason and scientific affirmations. That does not destroy God. That ought not to create the principle of atheism or a denial of God. Every telescope makes a larger God. Every microscope reveals a greater God. Every law of the cosmos that comes out of a scientific laboratory and which defines the meaning of all human intelligence only creates a greater argument for the principle of the Divine law behind the cosmos. Until one can pick up a measure of type and throw it upon a printer's form and have a HAMLET materialize; until one can grasp a measure of paint and throw it against a canvas and have a Leonardo da Vinci appear; until one can do that, let no man wreck your faith in the ultimate reality of a divine,

creative constructive intelligence in the cosmos which you call God. God is not the God of petty limitations of creeds or dogmas, the God of sermons, the God of ecclesiastic splendor, the God of the 13th Century idea, the God of the pre-scientific world. That concept of God no longer commands the loyalty of any intelligent person.

We must not forget that Socrates was forced to drink a cup of hemlock because he was an "atheist." Was Socrates an atheist in the conventional use of the term? Of course not. His atheism was his refusal to accept the conventional idea of the Greek Gods of his period. It was not atheism. Some of you perhaps may not know that the early Christians were called atheists. And why were the early Christians called atheists? They were called atheists because they would not believe in the Gods of Rome, so they were called atheists. When you do not conform to the conventional idea or concept of God in the period in which you live, they call you an atheist. They are not atheists in any sense of the word. Voltaire is sometimes called an atheist. Voltaire was a thousand, thousand miles away from being an atheist. Voltaire received the reputation of atheism because he did not conform to the conventional theological ideas of his period. But when Benjamin Franklin took his seventeen-year-old grandson to meet Voltaire, Mr. Franklin said "Before my grandson leaves your presence, Voltaire, I should like to have you give him your blessing." Voltaire reached out and laid his hand upon the head of Benjamin Franklin's grandson and said "God and liberty, my boy. Never forget those two words." Was that the speech of an atheist? Of course it wasn't. The reputation he has had to suffer has come from lesser minds, who were unworthy to even speak in the presence of the great mind of Voltaire.

And the important example in our own country has been our own Thomas Paine who said "The world is my country. To do good is my religion, and there is no religion higher than truth. I worship one God and one only." Is that the language of an atheist? Of course it isn't. I think that the simonpure type of academic atheism is almost non-existent. I have never met a so-called atheist in my life who believed that he could obliterate the whole quality of the supernatural and eliminate the supernatural as being important to our lives; who believed in the self-sufficiency of the human personality; who believed man could lift himself up by his own bootstraps; who believed there was no creative intelligence in the cosmos; who believed there was no influence apart from himself; that we are all victims of some blind accidental force running rampant through space and nothing more. I do not see how one can understand every fundamental elemental concept of truth and the reality of truth without becoming identified with the Divine mind.

I stood last night in a moment of unutterable and inspiring emotion, as I saw the weirdest coloration of atmosphere I can recall in my lifetime, a weird brilliance of deep bands of yellow and gold, tinged by the infiltration of the harmony and color of the spectrum as a rainbow crossed the sky. It seemed to nestle on the restless surface of Lake Michigan. It went across in a lovely arc of divine symmetry across the sky. And as I stood and watched the rainbow from my study window, I thought to myself "The rainbow, always the rainbow. The storm, the tempest, the wind, the rain, the thundering crash, the lightning, all were necessary to produce the rainbow."

But the rainbow was there; the classic materialization of Divine harmony in God's world. And as I stood there I sensed the power, the power of unity, the power of symmetry, the power of recovery, the power of retribution, the same kind of thing that happens when the power of God touches the life of one so deeply scarred and marred and tortured by sin and vileness, whose body is sickened, whose eyes are blinded, whose morality is dulled. And something happens to that life. And what is it? It is God, and the rainbow. Some power comes into that life that restores it. Now, you can accept the humanistic and materialistic interpretation of life. You can explain much with the intellectualization of the problems of man. But there is one thing you cannot explain. You can't explain the restorative quality of the power of God when it touches a life and that life becomes a transformed, victorious, beautiful life. There is the presence of God. And down through the long tortuous ages man has been pushing back the area of his ignorance and man has been opening up universes and universes behind and beyond the universe, and the more he pushes back the unknown, the more he comes face to face with the power and the spirit of God. Sang the poet Tennyson:

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken parts of Thee;
And Thou, O God, are more than they."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHATTER

By ROBERT CROSSWHITE

Did we have fun? I'll say we did —at the Church School picnic. It was a perfect day among wonderful people.

The chartered bus left the Church at 10 a.m., arriving at Caldwell Woods about 10:45. The "early birds" were already there, with Rex Styzens taking care of the supplies and benches. The location, according to all, was good, but according to some it was hard to find.

Activities began with a fire-lighting ceremony by the "Son Sisters," Hudson, Nelson and Swanson (copyright by Jim Woods) with a match. Our Ranger Scout "Van" supplied the wood by almost chopping down a tree with a pocket knife. About that time our Chef, "Smilin' Lou," started cooking Hot Dogs. Boy! They were good! Along with plenty of potato salad and all the trimmings. Myrtle Bilek, Loretta Krauvice and the rest of our wonderful serving committee saw to it that everyone was served before seconds, thirds and fourths were called for. There was plenty of pop, milk, coffee and cookies also.

In the Tug o' War the young people very nearly pulled the Old Timers across the creek. There was a "Balloon Busting" Contest, a Sack Race, an Elephant Race and a Pie-Eating Contest. We can hardly wait to watch the winners in the colored movies that were taken.

Next year we are planning to find a location where we can hold a Square Dance.

The Annual Ball Game ended in a win for the "Fathers," captained by "No-Hit" Neindorf. The Captain of

the "Sons," Neal Hunter, in an exclusive interview said "Oh, well, it is Father's Day."

The "Mothers" didn't fare so well, even though the Captain, Helen Neindorf, played barefooted. The "Daughters," under the leadership of Diane "We Need Help" Havorka, said, "It just isn't Mother's Day."

Then there was more to eat before the trek homeward. We really had a time. Ask anyone who found the place.

* * *

Two children, Dorothy Gillette and Jefrey Golin, are being sent to Summer Camp and we hope they will have as much fun as have all the other children who have gone before.

The Church School Board is meeting at least once a month during the summer, for the purpose of finding ways and means to improve our program of study and entertainment. Much is going to happen this coming season and we will let you know all about it later on.

* * *

Our first vacation Board Meeting was well attended. The following were present: Joan Hudson, Myrtle Bilek, Nellie Nelson, Marcelle Renier, Grete Foerster, John Foerster, Eric Radeloff, Steven Lyter, Helen Neindorf, Jeanie Sparks and "Yours Truly." We had a splendid evening together for the benefit of our Church School.

Mr. Steven Lyter will be our Publicity Chairman. We expect a lot of help from his experience in this field.

The question of supplementing our Key Words with another form of definite instruction in our many classes was discussed and proper action will be started toward every improvement possible in our Church School work.

Following is a list of Fall Events planned for varied and interesting entertainment:

Friday, September 28—"For the Bazaar." Grete Foerster is our Bazaar Booth Chairman and John Foerster's Class will plan the entertainment and refreshments.

Friday, October 26—Annual Church School Dinner. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest of Honor.

Wednesday, October 31—Hallowe'en Party. Planned and conducted by The Channing Club. Paul Peters, Chairman.

Friday, November 30 — "Fun Night." Ten - and - twelve - year - old Classes will provide entertainment and refreshments.

Friday, December 21 — Christmas Party. "Santa Claus" will be Guest of Honor.

* * *

The ladies of our Church School and their friends had a grand time at the Tommy Bartlett Television Show on Wednesday, August 1st.

Congratulations to Grete Foerster, our Bazaar Booth Chairman, for a grand start.

* * *

Our dear Sunday School Pal and loyal church member, Opal Bennett, was laid to rest in Warsaw, Indiana, on July 28th. Her happy personality and help-others attitude will always be remembered and will ever remain an inspiration to us. Perhaps God needed a helping hand.

* * *

A Happy, Healthful Vacation to all!

We want to greet you in the Church School on Sunday, September 16th.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

To Give An Evening's Program In the People's Church of Chicago WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, at 8:15 P.M.

Under the Auspices of
The Philanthropy Department of
The Woman's Club

Cornelia Otis Skinner will give a full evening's program, in her scintillating manner, in The Peoples Church on the 24th of October.

The Philanthropy Department of the Woman's Club is in charge of the affair, and the Philanthropy Committee has had 1300 tickets prepared in advance, which are now in the hands of the Club members.

Congratulations are in order to the enterprising and energetic Philanthropy Committee. It would seem wise to get your tickets now and to mark that evening down on your calendar. It will certainly be an evening you will not wish to overlook. If this is a sample of the programs being planned by our Woman's Club, the prospects for the coming season look most excellent.

All the proceeds will be used for the Club's charities, which include, among others, Cancer and Tuberculosis Funds, Park Ridge Home for Girls and the Polio and other well-known charity funds.

The program will be given in the Church Auditorium. If you have friends to whom you feel you owe a treat, this will be a good opportunity to give them an entertaining and very worth-while evening, and you will be supporting and helping the Woman's Club at the same time, and through them a great many of your favorite charities.

Mrs. James Coughlin, of 5641 Magnolia Avenue, is Chairman of the Philanthropy Committee, and she will, no doubt, be glad if you will ask her for some tickets to sell.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR — CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—OCTOBER 24th.

* * *

The Woman's Club has been busy, behind the scenes, all summer long, buying materials and making them up into useful articles to be sold at the ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR, which takes place in NOVEMBER.

Get in touch with the Woman's Club at once and find out what you can do to help toward the BAZAAR.

BOOK CHATS

FAR too little is stored in the minds of our youngsters concerning the building of our own United States. Dates may be learned by memory for examination purposes and some essential facts may be stored away, but before your young folks become thoroughly involved in their studies this fall, why not introduce them to the Land of the Free Series, mentioned in the August Liberalist?

One of the stories which I did not mention is a fascinating story of the Irish on the Erie Canal by Herbert Best. The illustrations by Erick Berry will fascinate any youngster.

Anyone who reads *Watergate* will gain a marvelous understanding of what the digging of the Erie Canal meant to the progress of this country. And while acquiring this understanding they will have the fascinating adventure of becoming a driver boy in imagination, guiding teams down the cowpaths beside the Erie, or working the tiller of some freighter or a passenger carrier, between Albany and Lake Erie. You will find out how Niagara Falls came to be a honeymooners' resort—more important, you will find out how much we owe to the Irish, who conquered Montezuma Swamp and saved the Erie Canal from becoming a gigantic and fantastic failure.

The reader will discover how much we needed the immigrant labor against whom there has been much condemnation at times. Best of all, you will be entertained and delighted with the characters you meet along the Erie, from young Sean Kildare, the main character (who will delight any boy's heart with his courage, audacity and wit), to Sean's friend, teacher of tricks and general team mate, Lefty O'-Shaughnessy; from stingy old Captain Tinklepaugh, owner of the neat little freighter *Annekje* to the lovable Hogan family.

Sean's cure for the dumps and doldrums was always a good fight, and no matter how many wounds he had to lick afterwards, the fight was always worth it. In fact, when a gentleman from one of the passenger boats threw a half dollar to Sean for putting up such a good fight with another driver boy, it was quite beyond Sean's comprehension why a man would pay another to watch him fight, when that same man might pick a fight of his own on any mile of the Canal, and thus have the real joy of it.

It will do any boy good to read *Watergate* and it is pleasant and profitable reading for any adult. The John C. Winston Company are the publishers.

* * *

Duell, Sloan & Pearce have published a book containing 250 of the choicest short essays of George Matthew Adams, under the title *Better Than Gold.*

The late Henry Ford said "I enjoy reading George Matthew Adams. He discusses a great variety of subjects from every possible angle, but I think none of them surpasses his messages of true friendship and character building."

Mr. Adams was born in Saline, Michigan, graduated from Ottawa University in Kansas, and in 1907 organized a newspaper syndicate under his own name which continues to this day.

In addition to his newspaper column,

Mr. Adams is a noted collector of etchings and of first editions and recently gave his remarkable George Gissing collection to Yale. But he describes as his "happiest hobby" the enjoyment of nature.

His daily column, "Today's Talks," has appeared for thirty years in hundreds of American and Canadian newspapers, bringing laughter, consolation, diversion, happiness, and high hope to countless readers. His short essays are brightened by anecdotes of the great and the obscure and range familiarly through the fields of literature, natural history, philosophy, social comment and everyday life.

Robert R. Updegraff of the Updegraff Press, in a foreword about the author, says "This book by George Matthew Adams is not merely one of words, but of golden idea-nuggets, refined from the ore of life by a master refiner. And each of these nuggets is alloyed with a rare elixir of human sympathy, courage and faith . . . . Each day he shares with his millions of readers whatever is uppermost in his mind and heart: an exciting discovery he has made about life, a gem of wisdom he has found in some book in his library, a surprising fact or a stimulating point of view he has come upon, some secret he has learned from intimate communion with Nature at his island retreat in Nova Scotia.

"All these things he wraps in precious small packages of words, tucks into each package enough inspiration for a day's journey, and ties it with the stout chord of human understanding . . . . It is the contribution these daily 'Talks' have made to American life which led Henry Ford to have the humble cottage in which their author was born moved from Saline, Michigan, to his famous Greenfield Village, there to be neighbor for all time to the old homes and birthplaces of Luther Burbank, Stephen Foster, Thomas A. Edison, and others.

"You hold in your hand a volume containing . . . . the very choicest of these short essays . . . . Open at almost any page and start reading; within a few minutes your spirit will be refreshed, and your faith and courage strengthened . . . . In time you will discover that this is peculiarly *your* book, responding to your moods, anticipating your problems, catering to your innermost needs. And yet every few pages you will have the impulse to share it with others, because it will come over you that the author deals with their very special problems and needs, as with your own . . . . This little volume is no mere book, but our living friend—George Matthew Adams."

In the back of this unusual book there is an index referring to the places and persons mentioned in the book, and one referring to the books mentioned. In the front there is a regular index of the titles of the essays.

I opened this little book of 269 pages to a title *Know What You Want,* and under that title read these words: "The winners in life's game are not always those who have the most brains, or the most advantages, but those who know what they want out of life and set themselves to get it.

"There is nothing so valuable as a set purpose and a determination to follow it out to a successful conclusion . . . . The reason there are so many flounderers in the world is that they do not know what they want, so no one is interested in helping them to do something . . . . If you know what you want to do let no one divert you from it! An expert bricklayer, who loves his work, and takes pride in it, is a far worthier human being than the lawyer who wishes that he were a portrait painter."

Here are just a few of the essay

headings: Always Go On—An Evening Prayer—The Art of Traveling—Art's Power—Beauty—Behind the Dim Unknown—The Brave Poor—Buoyancy—Color and Tone—Courtesy, with Flowers—Dare to Love—Divine Discontent—Eyes and Ears—The Fear to Fail—Friend to the Town—Gaiety of Heart—God's Guests—He Talked with Flowers—Imprisoned Man—Ink—It's What Is Felt—Just Relax—Keep Something Alive—Lamp Lighters—The Lesson of Sorrow—Life Is Expression—The Maestra—Mender of Hearts—A Mother's Prayer—Never Cease to Wonder—No Back Door to Heaven—On Borrowing—On Eating, and Eaters—On Giving Away—Our Loves—Pie—The Power of Prayer—Quality of Life—Rivers—Run Away Words—Secret Assurance of Immortality—Simplicity—The Soul of a Dog—That Inward Happiness—Time Gifts—To Be a Gentleman—The Tragedy of Hate—Used Things—Vacations for the Mind—Wants—When Voices Are Pleasant—The Wonder of Seeds—Your Betters.

What lovelier book for a gift than *Better Than Gold,* by George Matthew Adams, published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IN MY last Mail Bag you remember I did so hope the little baby Wrens would come out of the Wren House before that Mail Bag was finished. Little did I suspect that it would be a couple of weeks before that interesting event took place.

Sunday morning breakfast was greatly delayed as my Aunt Harriette and I watched the business of "launching the children" from the Wren House. The hour had arrived when Mama Wren was coaxing the babies out into the big beautiful world. A little downy head would appear at the tiny round door, and the baby wren would call for more food, but Mama delayed and delayed. Baby Wren became bolder, putting his head out farther, looking up toward the little roof, then down to the ground, measuring the distance with his eye (head cocked on one side). He bobbed back in, then peered out again. Finally, the boldest of the lot got his feet on the lower part of the door, took off and made a three-point landing into a little cherry tree nearby. The second baby didn't do so well, fluttering to the ground, but soon he took off for a tree quite a distance from his landing field and made it safely. The third and last of the babies flattened itself against the front of the house after leaving the doorway, holding on by its tiny claws for a moment, then flew onto the roof. Mama Wren had been watching close by and came at once and gave him a little encouraging shove with her bill, and off they went together, over into the red raspberry bushes.

We felt quite deserted all day—as though children of our own had gone off and left us, and we both kept say-

ing how lonesome we were with our little Wren neighbors gone. We heard them sing from the distant trees, but it didn't look as though they would return again.

They did come back next day, however; that is, Papa Wren seemed to have decided to return for good, but Mama was a bit coy. Papa selected another wren house, around in front of the porch—an acorn shaped little bit of a dwelling, hanging from a tulip tree. He invited Mama in, but she wasn't particularly happy about things. She clung to the side of the house, looked in, but that was as much as she would do. Papa sang to her, oh, so sweetly. But "Susie Q," as I dubbed her, started scolding.

"Well," said Aunt Harriette, "she's a little fool if she lets him get her to sit it out another three weeks." I, too, could see where she might wish to enjoy the freedom of the air and trees for a while, for she was such a diligent little mother and had just finished a three weeks' feeding marathon for her babies. Papa had relaxed a bit the last few days and Mama had been decidedly overworked. Papa began to build the nest in earnest. He would put on a little twig, then he would sit on the tree limb near the house and sing as though his throat would burst. Just imagine a carpenter nailing on a piece of siding on his house and then sitting on the rafters and singing an aria from "Verdi." Then another board nailed on, and a few bars of "Rigoletto." It might slow down the job and send up the price, but it would certainly be a novelty! It would surely be a house built with prayer—a prayer of song.

Suddenly Mama Wren came and sat on the limb near Papa, about seven inches away and looked right at him, but never said a word; never went near the house, just flew away, with Papa in close pursuit. It is now night and I don't think the couple have returned to the home. Are they on a second honeymoon? Have they decided to split up? Will Papa have built and sung all in vain? He sings so beautifully, I rather hope Mama will relent, even though she doesn't just like the style of the new house he has selected.

* * *

A whole day has gone by—a Tuesday—and no wrens.

* * *

Wednesday—Papa Wren is singing down below us near the road. Ah! Here he is, up by the acorn dwelling again, in the tulip tree. Oh, we do hope Susie Q will relent and find the new home to her liking. Here comes Papa Wren with a twig for the nest. He is persistent, at least. He tries two or three times to force the twig inside, but as he is holding it in his beak, grasping it in the middle, and as it's a stiff little twig and unbendable, he can't force it inside. Smart little fellow; he found out what was the matter, and now he turns his head to one side, shoves the end of the twig in, and in they both go, twig and bird. Out again and soon he is back with a long piece of strawlike weed. This, too, is a bit difficult, but after two or three buffetings, the weed bends, and in they go.

Later in the day, after much singing by Mr. Wren, Susie Q appears, and she even goes in to inspect, so we are hopeful. Out she comes, scolds away, and in spite of Mr. Wren's beautiful and appealing love song, off she goes.

* * *

Thursday—There is a northwest wind blowing and it's too cold to sit on the porch. In front of the porch swings the little acorn wren house, sadly vacant. Do you suppose Mother Nature told Susie Q that the prevailing winds were going to be northwest all of August, and she had better not weaken to Papa Wren's judgment? Another

thing. In looking at the little acorn dwelling, when I look through from the round doorhole, I see a bit of light come streaming in under the roof at the back of the house. Now it might rain in there in a heavy downpour.

Here she is again and this time she is on top of the acorn house. She is looking the roof all over, standing near the edge and peering over as though to inspect it. Yes, she walks all around the roof, looking over the sides, and now I'm sure she has discovered the leak, for away she goes.

* * *

Friday—No wrens. All that work of Papa Wren's for nothing. Well, humans make mistakes in judgment too, little fellow, so don't you be downhearted.

* * *

Saturday and Sunday—No wrens. But my friends, Elfrieda Stewart, Vida Darlington and Deedy Lombardo are here for the week-end. And Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hangel arrived, and we are so delighted. We have all talked the situation over about the Wren family and we think they have gone south—perhaps as far as Tennessee. I'm beginning to wish I were in Tennessee, the way these northwest winds continue, with rain and fog. August, and no hot weather in this part of Michigan yet! I'm even thinking of going home before it is necessary. I think the Wren family had the right idea. All I seem to do is to put down the awnings and bring in more firewood and hunt up more kindling. Even so, I wouldn't want to be in Texas. That's just too hot!

* * *

And now for the Mail Bag in which we have found an unusually varied assortment of letters:

Our first correspondent is at present an inmate of Iowa State Penitentiary, at Fort Madison, Iowa. We will not mention his name:

"Dr. Preston Bradley:

I realize that you may not care to receive letters from us, who are incarcerated. I hope that is not so. Somehow we who listen to your wonderful program every Sunday, have grown to feel that we know you.

We have many different programs on our radio here: sports, news, songs and stories. Some of us like one program, some another, but there is one that *many* of us agree on, and I believe if you could hear our radios at that hour you would be happy. We spend much time throughout the week discussing the different things you speak about. Your subjects and philosophies are wonderful.

I only hope that you will accept this letter with all the sincerity in which it is written. I want to wish you continued success with your program, and may it bring the light of wisdom to others."

* * *

The following short note was written on May 25th, just a day before Jimmie's passing:

"Dear Pastor:

Just a few lines to tell you how happy you made me yesterday, when you called on me, and I appreciate it so much.

It was wonderful to have those few moments with you, when your time is so taken up, and your days are so full.

I will never cease to be grateful. It did something for me I cannot explain.

Yours truly,

Mrs. May Neu."

* * *

I think you will appreciate this note from a member of the Woman's Club:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

Since your return from a spring vacation, I thought I might be able to

thank you in person, but due to so many people waiting in line to see and talk to you after the services, perhaps many of whom came from great distances, they should come first.

Therefore, in this little note I want to express my thanks to you for the opportunity of showing the pictures of your garden at Lake Vermilion. They were just wonderful. So many of our Club members, including myself, had never seen them, and seeing Mrs. Bradley there in the garden with all the beautiful flowers and surroundings, seemed as if she were with us at the Garden Party.

And thanks to Jimmie also. He added so much to the showing of the pictures, with his poems. It was all just wonderful.

Thanking you again, and Jimmie, for making my Garden Party such a success, and wishing you a pleasant and restful summer vacation.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Charles T. Randall."

* * *

The following letter seems to fit in so perfectly with the sermon published in this number of The Liberalist:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

Last Sunday's sermon was a rare experience. This is perhaps the more significant, when you realize I have heard very many of the acknowledged great among pulpit orators. I heard Dr. Gunsaulus regularly from 1901 to 1905.

Perhaps my own religious experiences underwent somewhat of the same evolution your sermon indicated. During some 65 years of church attendance, I have had many deep spiritual inspirations, many of them only remotely, if at all, connected with formal religious activities.

After a brief review of many church experiences and much thoughtful listening to what I concede to be sincere preachers, I have come to marvel that there can be so many forms of so-called belief.

Some years ago I had one of Harry Emerson Fosdick's books lying on my desk. A salesman in the same employ as myself sniffed—'Fosdick—a very dangerous man—about like Clarence Darrow. If he came to our town we'd build a stockade to keep him out.'

Briefly I gave him my own impressions. Later he announced his belief in the Bible, 'word for word the inspired word and that true.' He alluded to the creation in seven days as his belief. In a sincere effort to be sure of his viewpoint, I inquired if his idea of creation included no more than the little speck we were floating around in space on. He turned on his heel and I still wait for his reply. I could quote many other instances to illustrate.

In a little town of 1400 where I was on an audit job, there were fourteen churches trying to exist. Whether many existing denominations merge or not in the near or distant future, I deem it better for me to combine what individual effort I still can summon, with other like-minded persons, and concentrate on a few, a very few, fundamentals closest at hand.

With income depleted and opportunity for work limited to running a garden five months out of twelve, I must satisfy my desire to be of some use in this disordered world, by working with God raising food.

Under such conditions perhaps it is not surprising that I have reached a profound conviction that the human soul, 'that which drew from out the boundless deep' knows its way home.

Does this explain in a measure why your latest sermon was so satisfying?

Sincerely yours,
R. G. Bauch."

And now we end the Mail Bag with this interesting letter from a minister: "Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been preaching as 'Guest Minister' at the First Congregational Church for the last six months. The regular Minister has been ill, but he is well now and back on the job, so for the past three Sundays I have been free.

I went the first Sunday to the service at the Marion Avenue Baptist Church. I thought of the many wonderful Sunday nights we had there with you in the pulpit. I regret to say that the word that impressed me most in the service this time was the word 'Restraint.'

The following Sunday I attended the service at Mooseheart, in the new 'House of God.' The building is breathtaking in its beauty and the service conducted by Chaplain Oayne was very inspiring. Today I stayed by my radio and tuned in for the broadcast from The Peoples Church in Chicago, where my dear friend, Dr. Bradley, preached on 'The Two Approaches to Life' (published in the August Liberalist).

I wish I could tell you what a lift you gave me. I think the silent prayers of your congregation must have reached me, for there was a lot of glory and radiance all around. I thought of Pierre and Marie Curie who labored so long in their little laboratory to make their dream come true. That foggy morning when they went at dawn to check for what seemed to them must be the last time, Marie said, as Pierre started to put the key in the lock: 'Wait, Pierre, don't open the door yet.' But when he turned the key and the door opened, the room was flooded with a soft and beautiful light. It was radium and their dream had come true. How often we hesitate to open the door.

This morning you opened the door and all life was flooded with a radiant and beautiful light. I shall not soon forget how your voice sounded when you said: 'Poor, deluded world!' The hope for world peace was renewed in my soul when you climaxed your sermon with 'Christ lifted up.'

I am stringing a new bead on my rosary. It will be a prayer that in health and joy and strength you may go on for many years in the great contribution you are making to the 'Spiritual Approach to Life.'

Now and always your friend,
Henry Clay Miller."

* * *

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM and write!

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